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# LIMOUSINE

Issue Four



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Kristen Hersh

Exene Cervenkova  
Tina Lucchesi

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with titles like "Heroin Addict" and "Valium Addict." Kern has put out 2 books of his photographs, the most recent being *New York Girls*. "The models are *New York Girls* by my definition. At some point they have all lived in Manhattan, drawn by that yearning for excitement and lifestyle intensity that motivates everyone that moves there." The book is a fetish showcase, playing with everything from bondage, candles, guns and cigarettes to make-up, showers and school girls. The models aren't just beautiful, they're *cool*. They look brave, loud, courageous, powerful, smart, sarcastic and in complete control. The way they look at the viewer is almost proof of Kern's voyeurism - in many of the photos, the model's gaze is fixed to the camera, staring right back at you.

## KERN ESSENTIALS

### Hardcore Vol. 1&2

These are available at your friendly cult video store. Volume 1 contains mostly short narrative films, as well as *The Right Side of My Brain*, and my favorite Kern film, *You Killed Me First*. Vol. 2 is more situational, but includes *Fingered*. Both are available for around \$30 each from Film Threat Video, 5-42 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 150, Los Angeles, CA 90030.

*New York Girls* was published in 1995 by Purr Books. Write them at: 62 Bell Street, London, NW1 6SP or contact their American distributor, D.A.P. at (800) 338-BOOK.

Visit Richard Kern on the Internet: [www.users.interport.net/~kern/](http://www.users.interport.net/~kern/)

All photos used with permission from Richard Kern, including the cover photo.



Lung Leg  
From *Fingered*

# A moment with your Editrix

Lote! Totolly different thon planned! *Limousine!* O.K., now that that's oll out of the way ond oll, thanks for buying/stealing/borrowing/reoding this issue of *Limousine*. It's the first oll-computerized issue, the first issue where glue sticks were nat involved ot anytime. I've been ushered into the future, it's true. Issue #3 left off with me moving out af San Francisca and nat having any ideo whatsoever whot I was doing, only that I reolly hod to do it. We moved to Son Luis Obispa, a small town right smack in between LA and SF, and althauth things were racky at first (!!!) we're all settled in naw and daing just fine. For same reosan I dan't feel like going into detoil. Hmmm. This issue was slated to be a split with Kelli William's zine *That Girl*, but that's been postponed for a bit - after much stressing out aver the fact that aur publishing schedules were nat reolly in sync, we decided to pastpone our collaborative issue far a while. This is also the first issue of *Limousine* with "reol" advertising. Hove na fear, I'm nat jaining farces with "the mon" or onything, but I'm not rich ond this zine's getting to be o pretty pricey little monster. So instead of ceosing to exist, I decided ta let the nice falks at Lookout and Sub Pop help me out. To which I say: THANK YOU!!! For those interested, I om not obaut to stort advertising for Virginio Slims or Cover Girl. Don't get excited. I'll stop being so defensive. Other news: I hove storted a zine distro colled GLOVEBOX, with the intention of bringing zines here to SLO. Even though it's o "college town"

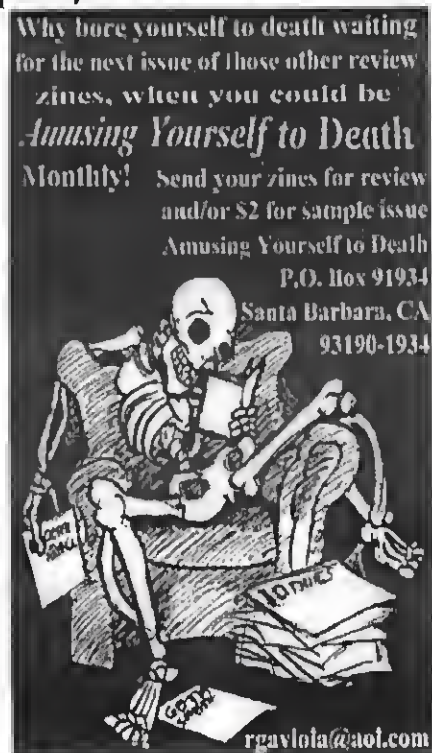
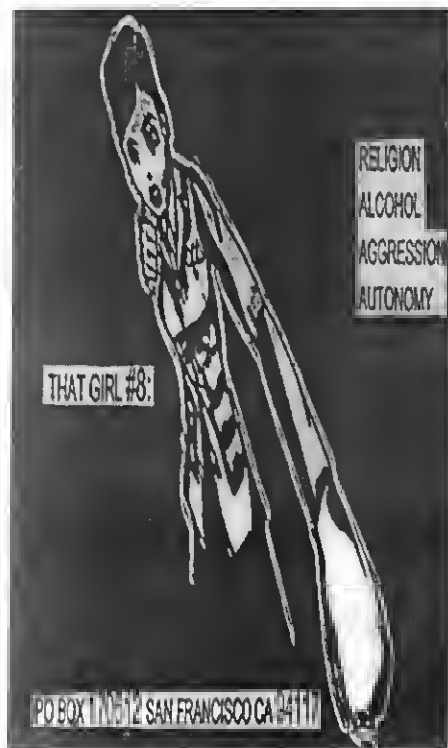


(i.e. lots of young kids who are supposed to be hip) people are still calling them "zyne" (rhymes with "mine"), "brachures," "pamphlets," etc. If you are interested in inflicting your "zyne" upon the city of SLO, please send me a sample copy and/or request information from me. Also, if you're wanting to order zine from me, send me a stamp and I'll tell you what I've got in stock. Oh yeah, this issue was supposed to have an article/bia on the fabulous Mamie Van Daren, but half-way through writing the article I had to bring her autobiography back to the library and they wouldn't let me check it out again! I had checked it out "taa many times." They said if I wanted to come back in a few days for it I could, but by that time the wind was already far from my sails. However, I am still way in love with her, so stick around for issue #5.

Limousine

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From *New York Girls*



hurt, or abused coupled with the power the "victim" has over the "victimizer" - i.e. "I want to be victimized. You are doing what I want. That's my power over you." In these scenes, Lunch dares her sexual partners to be more debased than she feels - she is comfortable with her need for abuse, but knows that her victimizer will be pushed to an unfamiliar place and will have to deal with the repercussions of being a perpetrator. This film is unsettling in the best way possible because it asks the viewer to really reckon with his/her own deviant sexuality.

"But he was waiting, too. Waiting to find out the difference between a crazy man and a crazy woman. Well, I know. It was that he'd do whatever... and she'd let him. Crazy men are the kind that get hysterical and break everything in sight... smash up the car if they can afford one... because they love you so much... they will try to kill you or anyone else stupid enough to get involved.. They are usually drunk, or on drugs, or just act like it. Or they really, really mean it. Crazy women tolerate this behavior because love is deaf and dumb and blind and it hurts like hell and that's better than nothing."

Lydia Lunch in *The Right Side of My Brain*

*Fingered* takes this exploration even further as Lunch, a phone sex operator working out of her home, invites a man over to her house to have sex with her. The sex is brutal and stark - Lunch seems at ease the most in the victim role, again, her desire is to be abused and she gets what she wants. Of course it all goes horribly wrong, starting with a crime spree... "To me," Kern wrote, "making these films was like taking a big, fat, smelly dump, then standing back and watching people marvel over it."

### THE PHOTOGRAPHS

If you're familiar with fetish photographer Eric Kroll or even Irving Klaw, Kern's photography is comparable on some levels. All three employ a combination of a woman (or women) coupled with fetish objects or situations. Kern takes this technique further in the way he photographs his models - his photos are both more hardcore and more woman-empowered. "I had been exposed to photography by my father," Kern wrote in 1995, "As the editor of the local newspaper, his job included taking photos of the events he wrote about. Throughout my adolescence, I accompanied him on night-time assignments to photograph rural news events like car wrecks, drownings, or political rallies... I immediately began developing my voyeuristic tendencies." The photographs began with Kern taking pictures of his friends in his NYC studio/apartment and putting xeroxes of the photos into zine compilations

# Tina Lucchesi



**"Boom Boom"**

**Interview by Libby**

**Band photo by Russell Quan**





Now a member of San Francisco's Bobby Teens, Tina Lucchesi got her start in one of SF's most infamous bands, the unforgettable Trashwomen. The music these girls dished out could have passed in a second for the soundtrack to any of the teensploitation films mentioned in this issue, and their clothes, make-up and hair do's, largely inspired by Russ Meyer films, make the Trashwomen the coolest looking band to ever walk the planet.

*Libby:* On the liner notes of *Spend the Night with the Trashwomen*, it says that the Trashwomen were a girl group put together by Mike "Daddy Love" Lucas. What's the story?

Tina Lucchesi: Mike Lucas is the bass player from the Phantom Surfers, and the ring leader of Goofy Ideas! He had an idea of an all-girl surf band called the Trashwomen. The name came from the all mighty greatest surf rock 'n' roll band the Trashmen. We mostly did their covers in the beginning. It was supposed to be a joke, a one time gig to open up for the Phantom Surfers on New Year's Eve. But after that, Elka started writing songs and people started liking us. The big joke was becoming more of a real band. Elka was the only talented one. Christina was the rhythm guitarist at our first show, but she decided not to do it anymore after that. She wanted to save herself the embarrassment. And boy were there a lot of embarrassing times over the next four years! Elka and Mike Lucas helped Dannielle to learn a couple of open chords on the bass, and I borrowed Russell's [Tina's boyfriend, a former member of the Mummies and current member of the Phantom Surfers] drum set and practiced almost every day. We had three weeks to

horrendous or excruciating. Or all three. "The characters in my films," wrote Kern, "shot up drugs, pierced or cut themselves, beat each other up, sucked each other off, killed their parents, raped youngsters, etc. over harsh soundtracks produced by my friend Jim Thirwell." His film collaborations with Lydia Lunch (*Fingered*, *The Right Side of*

*My Brain*) are an exploration of willing victimization. Of *Fingered*, Lunch wrote, "We shot it as a series of vignettes based upon actual experiences I had had concerning the violation of the female form. The moral issues were power and submission and how the victim is often the one in control of the situation. Both by refusing to re-

move themselves from the stranglehold which these relationships have them in and by not recognizing that beyond the psychology of the drama lies a desperate need (like any addict) for an escalation which can only lead to murder or death. These themes continued to obsess us, taking on a more brutal edge in *Fingered*. It was in the making of these films (therapy) that I came to truly understand, and try to get others to understand, the dynamics of my own obsessions. It wasn't called "*Deathtrip Films*" for nothing."

*The Right Side of My Brain* finds Lunch in several nightmarish sexual situations to explore willing victimization - the desire to be overpowered, debased,



From *New York Girl*

Lung Leg  
From "Death Valley 69"  
by r.k.



"One afternoon in 1971 I skipped my 10<sup>th</sup> grade class to hitchhike 30 miles to a mall in Rocky Mount, North Carolina on Interstate 95. Heading north to get back home, a beat-up old car full of young NYC glam girls returning from Florida stopped for me. I piled in and was immediately captivated. Theirs was a world known to me only through magazines and movies. They told me stories of rock stars they knew and had sex with. They had weird haircuts. Vinyl hotpants, cut-off shorts, halter tops and platform shoes barely concealed their vitality. I sat there in the back seat, crammed between two "older girls" (they were eighteen or nineteen) with my mouth hanging open like the hick that I was."

Richard Kern, from *New York Girls*

## THE FILMS

Richard Kern's films invite you to explore a strange and uncertain world. Kern exposes the darker corners of human behavior until it becomes ridiculous,



learn everything (even how to play!) before our first show. Silly, huh?!

*LL: Where did your nicknames come from?*

*TL: We wanted to have cool names like the Phantom Surfers do. "Boom Boom" was from Russ Meyer's Faster Pussycat, Kill Kill I (the snout nosed Go-Go dancer) and because of the big boob thing. "Lead Pedal" was because Dannielle likes to drive with the pedal to the metal - she's a crazy driver! And "Kitten Kaboodle" - who knows? Elka made that one up 'cuz she thought it suited her. Hmmm... It's all in fun.*

*LL: How have movies influenced you? I'm always reminded of 50's female juvenile delinquent movies when I listen to The Trashwomen and look at your cover art.*

*TL: In The Trashwomen, movies and 50's & 60's strippers were a big influence on our look. I love the look of the women in all Russ Meyer's movies, especially Faster Pussycat and Mondo Topless. Also, the look of the chicks in She Devils on Wheels, especially the leader, "Queenie." Russ Meyer really had an eye for the big big big busted buxom woman. We were all pretty much on the voluptuous side, some a little more than others, but we all used it to our advantage. Some people were shocked, like "wow, how can these girls get away with wearing such skimpy outfits? They're too fat to wear that!" — especially me. Fuck 'em I say! There were plenty of people to counteract that by saying "Those chicks look hot - they look like real women - tits & all!" The Trashwomen were a Fashion #1, Music #2 band!*

*LL: Are you still with The Bobby Teens?*

*TL: Yes, The Bobby Teens are still in existence. It's all Darin Raffaelli's doing. He writes and produces all of our material (sorry Nazi Fems). He loves to write songs and have*



other people do them. He's a great songwriter and idea man. His songs are really easy and catchy - we love them. We just have fun with it! He makes it all fun - the recording, the planning of ideas for record sleeves. The fashions come from us. We traded in our leopard print bikinis for more of a Riff Randell stoner chick look. The Bobby Teens are about 100% FUN! It's more hard rockin' bubble gum than The Trashwomen. Don't get me wrong, I love lots of The Trashwomen stuff we did. I'm singing in The Bobby Teens, as opposed to playing drums in The Trashwomen. I do miss playing drums, though. I wanna start another band and start playing again so I don't forget.

*LL: You just got back from playing in Japan. What's going on over there?*  
Japan is the most incredible place in the universe. I love it there! Everybody is so fuckin' nice, I almost can't handle it. We went on tour last month and played 5 shows with The Countbackwards and The 5.6.7.8's. Some other bands were The Pebbles, The Titans, The Teenie Cheetahs, Antonio 3, Mach King Fu and Mad 3 to name a few. I love it there and would drop everything in a heartbeat to go back. Hopefully next Spring we'll go again if we're still together, who knows. Japanese bands in general really know how to rock. They give it their all. All of the bands look and sound great. Their audiences are way crazier than any audience I've ever seen! It's totally refreshing. My favorite Japanese girl group is definitely the 5.6.7.8's. Yoshiko is by far the rockinest chick I've ever seen. She's the best front woman, she really knows how to get the crowd goin'. A lot of Japanese women are envious of her 'cuz she's got balls! She and her sister, Sachiko (the drummer), are looked up to. They are considered very strong, powerful women. I love it! They're all pretty wild party girls for Japanese standards. They have a new bass player, also named Yoshiko. We call her Yoshiko #2. She's funny - we were wasted one night and she told me, "Tina, lick my sweaty cunt" and started giggling. I was all, "Excuse me?" I guess Yoshiko #1 taught her that when she got back from New York. Now there's a girl after my own heart. She'll fit right in with The Bobby Teens. We're a bunch of gutter mouthed hussies. Even Russell.

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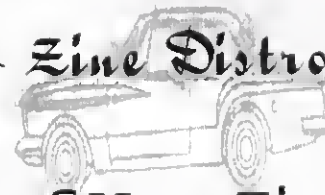


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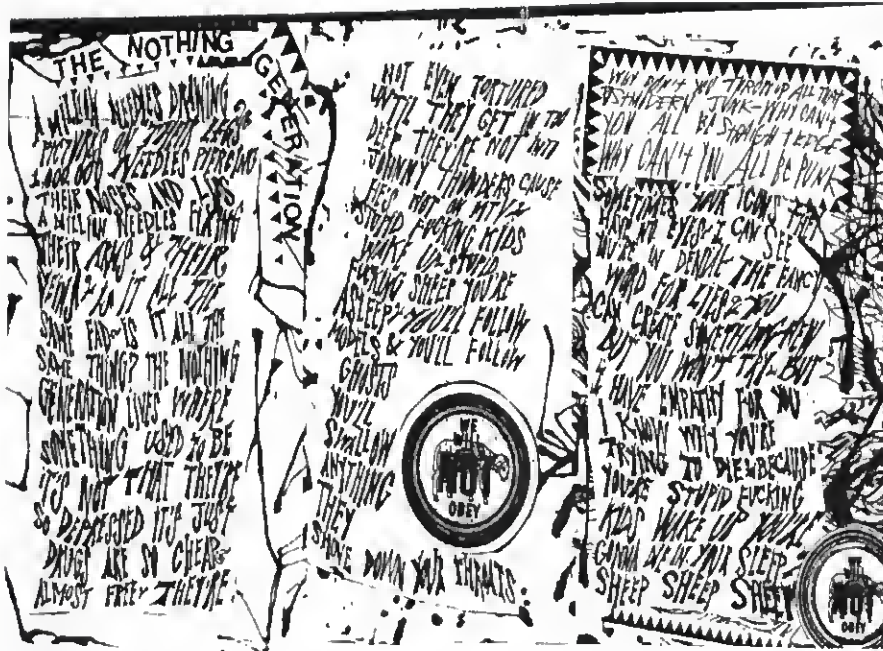
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such a male world.

EC: But it wasn't at all when it started-

LL: When I discovered punk you were the only person that I felt like I could in some way relate to.

EC: Well, besides Siouxsie & the Banshees and the Slits, we had The Bags which had 2 women, we had the Go-Go's which was all 4 women, we had me, we had the Alley Cats which one of the singers and the bass player was Asian American, and everybody was really equal. There were a lot of women in the scene, they were just as important.

LL: Do you think that's been ignored in the historical reinterpretation?

EC: Yeah. There was a woman in the Germs. I think the thing is that the Weirdos, The Bags, The Germs, The Alley Cats, The Mutants which had 2 women, The Avengers which had a woman, and the bands where the people were queer, there was a lot of that, too, those bands have all been forgotten and the only band people remember is X. There were a lot of women doing stuff. In fact, I felt kind of odd because I wasn't playing an instrument when so many of the other women were.

LL: The Auntie Christ record has such a grim overall message, do you really feel so "This has all been done before" as it sounds?

EC: It's not my problem. I already created a musical and cultural revolution in my lifetime. I talked to a 19 year old girl who was complaining about the 60's generation and how they had all moved to the suburbs and had kids and were riding around in all-terrain vehicles, and how she was really disappointed because she felt like they stood for something and now they've given it up. I was like "What the fuck are you talking about? They're 50 years old! You want *them* to do the sit-ins for *you*? You're the 19 year old college student! Wake the fuck up! Turn off the television and get out there and do something and don't be such a fuckin' ninny! Why would you expect them to keep doing *your* job?"



# The Wild, Wild SATANIC World of Jayne Mansfield

Recently, I picked up a biography of Jayne Mansfield at the Public Library. Written by May Mann, I've heard it called into question before because of how, well, just plain w-a-c-k-o May can sound. Her introduction features many references to rendezvous with Jayne's ghost after her fatal and infamous car wreck in 1967. Mann writes about finding pages of her manuscript streaked with mysterious blood, her cat cowering in the corner after "seeing" Jayne's ghost, and the many attempts of renowned psychics to contact Mann to tell her that Jayne had been speaking to them, because she wanted desperately to encourage May to write her book - a biography of Jayne, a project she had abandoned.

Melodrama? Paranoia? Just plain old bullshit? Who cares! I live for this. I had to know more about Jayne and devoured the biography. I couldn't believe my eyes when I began to read assertions that Jayne had a secret involvement with Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan. Jayne? Miss Heart Shaped Pool? Miss Busting at the Seams? Miss Breathly? At the time, it seemed a little far-

tetched - after all everyone knows that Jayne's favorite color was pink, not black!

I wrote a letter to Anton LaVey asking him for an interview to find out about Jayne's involvement with the Church of Satan. His assistant wrote back and nicely let me know that Dr. LaVey was too busy at present to give me an interview, but had I read Chapter Eight of LaVey's authorized biography, *The Secret Life of a Satanist* by Blanche Barton? She encouraged me on my research.

Chapter 8, titled "The Devil and Saint Jayne" related several of the same anecdotes, mishaps, and allegations that Mann's book had. Actually, Mann's book is listed in Barton's autobiography so I knew that she and I were coming from the same source. Although she had the major advantage - unlike me, she had spoken at length with LaVey about Mansfield.

Jayne Mansfield met Anton LaVey while attending the San Francisco Film Festival in 1966. According to Barton, "Jayne heard about Anton and his Church of Satan and insisted she must meet this Satanic High Priest." Mann quotes Jayne as saying, "It was all for laughs. We drove up there, Sam and I and Victor. Mr. LaVey was wearing a cape and a black cap with horns... he said he had a call from the Devil... We didn't take him seriously."

"Sam" was Sam Brody, Jayne's attorney, abusive lover and thorn in her side. Jayne despised Brody, but couldn't seem to break free from him. LaVey despised Sam as well, and mishaps ensued when Jayne and Brody showed up at LaVey's famous black

house in San Francisco. According to Barton, "Jayne became a full-fledged member of the Church of Satan." Brody, due to his antagonistic relationship with LaVey, (Brody thought Anton was "a fake" and was jealous of the influence Anton wielded over Jayne) tried to sabotage the relationship that was forming between Jayne and Anton. Barton and Mann both



about them is that they died and that he was in the Sex Pistols. It's because everyone's so depressed. It's not just a fashion statement that there's coffee on every corner. The rage that people used to turn out at society, young people are now turning that inward and becoming depressed, and they're identifying with depressed people.

[our conversation goes from depression to women's mental health and then to Courtney Love...]

LL: I think this whole Courtney Love thing has gotten way out of control. I started listening to Hole when I was in high school and no one knew who she was. Then I saw her get completely raked over by the media when she was being a real person. And now she's gotten all this plastic surgery and has supposedly "learned how to dress" and she's in *People Magazine* all the time-

EC: She just ripped-off everybody. Look, she ripped off me and Lydia [Lunch] and Kat [Bjelland]. Everything she did was a rip-off. She ripped off fuckin' Kurt Cobain, and then when she got to the top of that ladder, and there was nowhere else left to go in that world, she leapt into the next world and started imitating those people. She's a psychopathic genius. She wants to be rich and successful and famous and she wants people to love her. She's a fuckin'



great. I don't think people should applaud what she used to be, because I used to watch her and go, "I like your music but I feel kind of uneasy about this whole thing."

LL: How do you feel about Riot Grrrl?

EC: I think it's great. I think it's just like punk rock, it's never been ripped off. Well, the little kid shirts and stuff, certain elements have fallen into the hands of fashion designers, but the bands continue. I think Sleater-Kinney is an example of people who don't really have their televisions turned on and aren't reading the magazines, and aren't getting a lot of praise for what they are.

LL: I think I felt the same way with Riot Grrrl that you felt with punk. It wasn't "theirs," it was "ours." I had always felt alienated from punk because it seemed like



I've never liked him and never listened to them. But do you even know who that is, do you even know who the junkies are that you're emulating? I think people like Kurt Cobain and Darby Crash, I don't think you can lump them in with the mindlessness of others. They were just these really tortured, horribly sad, fucked-up, abused people. They came to bad ends not because they were emulating rock stars but because they just wanted to die.

LL: A lot of people don't realize that. Especially with Darby, not that much is known about his life, it was so short. People may have a knowledge of the Germs, but they don't know what he was like.

EC: You have to understand something else, he was also my friend. I'm not just getting him out of a magazine. It's not like Kurt Cobain, we don't have a shrine to Kurt Cobain, we have a shrine to our friend. You forgive someone for committing suicide because like I said, they just didn't want to be here anymore.

LL: I wanted to hear what you had to say because when I listened to that song, my first thought was "Wasn't all that stuff going on then, too?"

EC: It wasn't in the same way at all. People don't understand the difference between the 1997 drug abuse and fashion statement and the 1977 punk rock movement which existed completely outside of society, in a vacuum, no MTV, no radio, no one paying attention to us. We were totally against everything that was happening, we were totally political. The thing that most people did was drink, and as always, there were a lot of street kids and runaways and

older people and weirdos. There was definitely drug use but it was within our own context of our community and not an imposed standard by Rolling Stone's glorification of the heroin use in Seattle with their stupid fucking cover story they did with all the black & white supermodel-looking heroin addicts. It's just so completely different. We weren't brainwashed, we were totally free of everything. Now people have a herd mentality. They're not being individuals enough, and they need to get away from the corporate brainwashing really quickly.

LL: Something that has always bothered me about my generation is our mythification of junkie personalities. Our *Sid & Nancy* fetish - we've grown up watching that and thinking that was cool.

EC: You should have been watching John and Exene. You know what I mean? Why do people pick them? All you know

recall a fateful evening at the black house. Barton writes, "Brody began chiding Jayne for taking Satanism so seriously... finally wandering into the black chapel, where Church of Satan magical rituals were held. As Brody picked up priceless items from the stone altar and waved them around the room, Jayne followed him, trying to get him to stop."

Victor Houston, Jayne's road manager, rushed to tell Anton that Brody was lighting candles in the room, including a "skull candle" that LaVey used for destruction rituals. Anton rushed in, blew out the candle and informed Brody, "You shouldn't have done that... That candle is used only for curses. I don't know what's going to happen to you now."

Over the next months, Jayne began to feel like Satan's curse on Brody included her, too. Mann cites several minor car accidents over the next year that Brody and Jayne were involved in. Jayne's son Zolton was seriously injured when a lion at a private zoo picked him up by the neck. Barton claims that it was Anton who saved Zolton by performing a ritual at Jayne's request. But the worst was yet to come.

Meanwhile, according to Barton, Jayne embraced both Satanism and Anton LaVey and writes, "To honor Jayne's natural abilities as a Satanist, LaVey made her a Priestess of the Church of Satan." She never attended a public Church ritual - Anton arranged private ceremonies for her. When Jayne wasn't visiting Anton, she called him on the phone 3 or 4 times a day and, according to Barton, "professed her love for Anton." During her life, Jayne never publicly confirmed or denied her involvement with LaVey and the Church.



Although the two books differ on circumstances, both authors write that Anton, fed up with Brody's behavior on several occasions, told Jayne and Brody that they would be killed in a car accident within a year's time. Anton told Jayne that for this reason it was even more important for her to rid herself of Brody, and thereby escape her cursed fate. Jayne refused to heed Anton's warning – she was far too trapped in her abusive relationship to do so.

Mann quotes Jayne as saying, "Mr. LaVey... show[ed] me the black magic charms from the Devil and he presented me with one. He said I was now the high priestess of his church. Someone is always giving me some honor or title. I didn't want to insult him, so I accepted the emblem on a leather string, which he placed around my neck. He said some witchcraft words I didn't understand." But was she really that innocent to what was going on around her? Hardly. Mann later quotes Jayne as saying,



Jayne & Anton LaVey

"His [Anton's] precepts have their points. Satan represents kindness to those who deserve it rather than love wasted on ingrates. He believes in vengeance instead of turning the other cheek. Satan represents all of the so-called sins as they all apply to physical enjoyment or emotional gratification... He [Anton] insists that Satan represents vital existence instead of spiritual pup [sic] dreams... and undefiled wisdom instead of hypocritical self-deceit!"

There are plenty of discrepancies between Mann's and Barton's stories, but the

Exene Cervenková (formerly, Cervenka) has been involved in all kinds of LA music, from punk to country and several places in between. Most notable for her part in the band X, she has gone on to record solo records, a country record with The Knitters and has been active in the realm of spoken word during the last several years, working alone and with Lydia Lunch. Currently, Cervenková is running her "punk rock general store" in Silverlake (LA) called You've Got Bad Taste with John Roeker. Her new band, Auntie Christ, (featuring former X member DJ Bonebrake on drums and Matt Freeman from Rancid and Operation Ivy on bass) has just released their first record - "Life Could Be a Dream."

LIBBY: I'm curious about your store - everything there meshes in with the whole "junk aesthetic" that X had-

EXENE CERVENKOVA: Yeah, I've had that since I was 15 in Illinois.

LL: Where did all that come from?

EC: It came from intelligence. It came from knowing that there was all this amazing stuff to be had for almost free, 30 years ago. No one else knew about it, and then eventually after all this time went on everybody did catch on and understood the value of it and the uniqueness of it. John Roeker [co-owner of You've Got Bad Taste] and I both had that. I had that when I came out here, and he was a little kid and he was a follower of X and he picked it up from there. Our goal was to have something like an old general store. Also, all the packaging on everything old in our store is unique, and not based on a super character like Tasmanian Devil or X Men, although we do have some stuff like that. There used to be these individuals who designed a toy, and they'd market it and they'd do their art, and it wasn't affiliated with anything. And now everything is a part of Walt Disney or Warner Brothers or Mattel or Hasbro. It's just that really unique, kind of weird guy whose job was to design a package for a toy. Then he'd go home to the suburbs...

LL: I've been thinking about that with Hello Kitty. There wasn't a Hello Kitty cartoon or comic, she just exists on merchandise-

EC: Yeah, you'd just go to Japantown and go "Oh my god look at this cat!"

LL: The last time I was at your store you had put up the "Darby Crash Punk Rock Museum." After I listened to the Auntie Christ CD, especially your song "The Nowhere Generation," I felt like these two things were contradicting each other. I always saw Darby Crash as someone who destroyed himself with drugs, someone who came to a really bad end. And it seems like in the store that [lifestyle] is celebrated, while in "The Nothing Generation" you're raging against that-

EC: No, his end isn't celebrated, his life is celebrated. The thing is with him is that he wasn't a junkie, and he killed himself with heroin. I had a poem about it at the time and I was so mad at him. Not because he killed himself, but because he did heroin. We were all so against heroin, and I couldn't believe he would use heroin to kill himself with. Then I thought maybe he was getting into it or something, but no one else in the scene was into heroin. We were bad kids and we were bad adults, we were doing a lot of drinking and stuff, and I do admit to having had a wild youth but I think the thing that I'm talking about now is mindless consumption. Darby Crash was not a mindless consumer, none of us were. I think that's the difference between our generations - not the people who are guarding clinics and not the people on their own being individuals but the loss of individuality overall, the intense brainwashing that's being done to these kids and the fact that they're choosing things without a historical context. Like getting tattoos without seeing *The Decline of Western Civilization*, and for women, I'm sorry but I was the only woman that had tattoos then. And now, every single person has a tattoo. I did it to be different, not to be the same, and they don't even know who I am. That's why I was making a joke about Johnny Thunders in that song, not because I like Johnny Thunders, I don't,



# ex ene cervenkova



interview by libby

differences lay not in the facts, but in Jayne's motivation. While Barton claims that Jayne was infatuated with Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan, Mann paints Jayne as a kind of unknowing participant. She wants to portray Jayne's involvement as almost involuntary, flip-flopping between criminal innocence about what she was involved in, and trying to make her reader believe that Jayne was, near the end of her life very afraid of Anton. Taken in context, how could Jayne Mansfield, at that time an aging sex symbol appearing in more B movies than A, publicly practice Satanism? 1960's America was hardly ready for that. Even today, tabloids and Christian groups would have a royal field day if a public figure became public about his/her ties to Satanism. Maybe for these reasons, Mann claims that the existing photographs of Jayne and Anton were taken because Anton wanted them for himself and Jayne was afraid of what would happen if she did not comply. Regardless, no one can deny the existence of the photographs or the relationship between Mansfield and LaVey.

This relationship came to an abrupt halt when, as Anton predicted (or, as some say, willed) Jayne and Sam were killed in a car accident in 1967 outside of New Orleans.

julia kubica



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## High School Confidential

Russ Tamblyn stars in this one as an under-cover cop sent into a local high school to bust all of the bad kids on La 21 Jump Street. Mommie Von Daren plays his lousy "aunt" who is super sexy but is sloppily after her young "nephew." Since he's undercover, in the end we find out this relationship is a bit more legit than we thought of first, but it's nice being led on while it lasts. The best thing about this movie (besides watching Russ score drugs off of the kids) is Mommie's fine performance. Unfortunately she's only in the movie for about 15 minutes. Kids gets "dope sick" around the swimming pool, ride around in convertibles, and fight so hard that they knock over tables. Russ is extra slimy. One of the "nicer looking, higher budget" films, and an excellent introduction to this sleazy little world.

## The Violent Years

Written by Ed Wood, this is a short but classic girl JD flick, a real "genre definer." There's an honest to god girl gang here - rich girls who borrow their parents' car to rob gas stations, kill cops, and hide out from the law. Yikes! This movie has an immortal gong rope scene (well, implied gong rope, it was made in the '50's after all) as the gang is a gun tating girl gang and their victim is a guy. A must see. I repeat, a MUST see.



Teenage Doll





## The Violent Years

auto grave yard, is a classic. Of the picture, Roger Corman said, "I filmed it in 10 days and it did all right at the box office. The only thing I remember about the film with fondness is that the final sequence was shot in a junkyard."

### Teenage Gang Debs

*Dir. Someone Who Should be Ashamed, 1966*

I'm afraid that mere words cannot really describe the shock I feel that someone actually made this movie. The film begins as really cornball, stylish and kitschy - exactly what I want in a teensploitation flick. But it degenerates into something so, well, icky and gross that, looking back, it's hard to find anything funny about it at all. The plot? A new girl, Terry, moves into a tough NYC neighborhood and roughs her way to the top of the local teen gang. Anyone daring enough to get in Terry's way is either raped or killed by one of Terry's many slave-like gang boys. These boys do anything Terry asks (murder, gang rape) quite simply because they are under her "spell." Terry is depicted as having complete control over her boys - they are slaves to her, as her "power" is too overwhelming to ignore. They can no longer think for themselves. Terry "makes" these nice boys (yeah, right) do bad things. It's all Terry's fault! The other women in the film walk around wearing tight clothes, heavy Cleopatra eye make-up, Aqua Net and white lipstick. When they displease Terry, Terry has them raped. It's a real rape-o-rama, let the squeamish beware. My friend D. said of this film (after we'd seen it together at the Roxie and he ditched out early): "If it weren't for the company, I would have left a rape or 2 sooner." The movie has a really cool black-and-white-NYC-1966 look to it, but the content is so hateful and boneheaded that I'd steer clear of this one.

## Kristen Hersh

*is an eerily mysterious and incredibly friendly. I was a nervous wreck the day of the interview, not knowing what to say to this person I had found myself dating for years. Here we are singing guitar playing, curled up, with TILLY VOICE and THOSE WORDS which seemed to be saying everything I wanted to say more honestly and accurately than I could myself. Her solo album, "Hips and Makers" took out my every nerve. The interview I managed to find time to make Kristen even more wonderful to me - she talked openly about her life, throwing out stories of her children, struggling with what she calls "schizophrenia," her horrifying car accident and brain surgery, all the while smiling like it didn't even happen in the world I could want to sit down and have a real talk with, it would be her. I got my chance on April 19, 1997 when Kristen and I sat up in the Throwing Muses tour van.*

*Libby: How many of your kids did you bring on tour?*

Kristen Hersh: Just 2. The 10 year old is in school, and he lives in Rhode Island. We just recently moved to California.

*LL: Really? Where did you move to?*

KH: Outside of Joshua Tree, it's called Pioneer Town. It's amazing. We're up high, at 4000' so it's nice. It's not that hot - I could never deal with the heat. I'm really bad with any form of heat, I just get angry. We lived in L.A. for a year - we made a record there - and it was OK. It's more like "science experiment" heat there, you know? It fries your eyelashes and stuff. Your lips feel cool. That stuff's neat. But at home, in Newport, we live in a beach town. It's so wet that you're just hot forever, it's stuck in your bones and you can't sleep. Like New Orleans.

*LL: I never really experienced humidity until I went to Chicago in the summer time. It was like 110% humidity or something, it's crazy. A dry heat you can kind of get over-*

KH: Yeah, and at night you don't have to sleep in it, because it's gone. We just did Limbo (Kristen's band, Throwing Muses' latest album) in New Orleans - we made University there, too. But this time winter never happened. I know that might not sound so weird because you should expect that in New Orleans, but I'd been there in the wintertime and it comes eventually, it does happen. It was 80 or 90 degrees and a million degrees humidity, like you're wet all the time. And because it was "winter" they wouldn't turn on the air conditioning. So I was just tense and angry, I was losing all my weight, just sweating it away. The only summer dress I'd brought was this stupid little flower dress that made me angry, but I had to wear it every day 'cuz it was so fucking hot! There was nothing else I could wear. I shaved my head so I wouldn't be so hot - I was just angry -

*LL: On Limbo, I don't know if it's a "country" thing, but compared to a lot of the other Muses records, it's a lot more "twangy" and "country" sounding.*  
KH: I think that's probably the clean guitars that allow you to hear that. I think that's always been there, but distorted guitars don't make you think of Country music. They mask a lot of the chord changes and stuff. When we first started, we were just kind of a scary Country band. I think maybe we were the only people that heard that.

*LL: It sounds, especially your singing, it sounds more up front in the mix - more up close.*

KH: I think that's the clean guitars again, because my voice is kind of distorted, and distorted guitars eat it up. They fight. I wrote most of these songs on bass, so the guitars had to have no character at all, so the bass could carry the songs. It took me a week of just looking for sounds. I actually researched it for a year. I asked all of

my guitarist friends how you record clean guitars because I'd never done it before.

LL: *I think it's really difficult to record that kind of sound well.*

KH: It is really difficult. I was so used to my Marshall stacks and effects rack. I finally ended up using an old Fender amp with a busted speaker (facing the wall) because it had no character. What it did was just let the chords show through the sound. There really wasn't any sound, it was just the chords. Just the sound of the guitar. I had an amazing guitar that my husband gave me as a gift in LA right before the recording sessions started and I didn't want to hear the amp's character eating it up. I didn't want the guitars to sound so stylized that it referred to another kind of music. I wanted them to be almost invisible. It's an amazing way to record, to really let the songs show instead of the sounds.

LL: *The first time that I heard Limbo it sounded naked to me, but the more I listened to it, it just grew on me, it felt warmer and warmer. It's funny, I wrote in Limousine #1 "The new Throwing Muses album Limbo came out last week. I don't really like it very much but I will probably listen to it a lot." I put it on and I was like "WHAT is THIS?" I'd been listening to Throwing Muses for a long time.*

KH: And you thought that this was really different?

LL: *YES! But soon enough, I'd be walking around and thinking about the songs, and I just kept having to listen to them. It was one of those records for me, where the first time I listened to it I really thought that University was better, but the more I played it, I thought no, this fucking rules.*



most of them produced on shoestring budgets. Quick to explain the use of rock music that *Blackboard Jungle* used, the public was subverted to films like *Unarmed Youth* with Mamie Von Doren (one of the first stars of the JD world) as a singing, dancing, guitar toting bad girl. Most of these movies feature male protagonists, the "rebel without a cause," the '50's onihera. What interests me the most are not these films, but the rare JD films that feature women or girls as their main character. These "JD films for girls" are even more severe. The messages seem to imply that a rebellious boy is a somewhat normal occurrence, while his female counterpart is completely unnatural. She's a freak. What follows are a few reviews of some of the most representative "female teensploitation" films that I've managed to dig up.



## TEENAGE DOLL

• Dir: Roger Corrman, 1957

*"Teenage Doll concerns the plight of a young girl who kills another lass. Soon, the young member of the Vandallettes (!!!) is being pursued by the dead girl's gang."*

*-The Films of Roger Corrman*

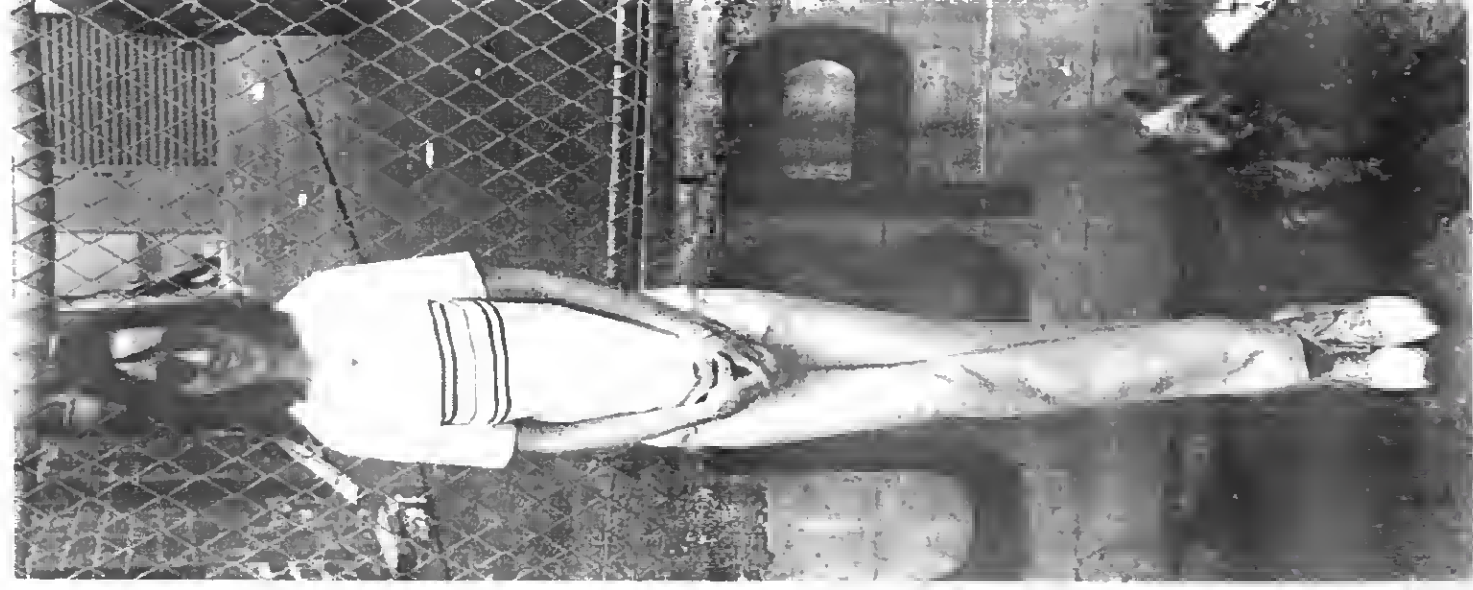
At a running time of 68 minutes, *Teenage Doll* is one of my favorite Teensploitation flicks. The film opens with a plea for us viewers to not dwell upon "the death of the girl," but to focus on the many social ills depicted in the movie. The real opening shot is of a dead baby-saxer in a dirty back alley. What? How? In the next hour you'll be treated to sexy bobby-sax-style girl gangsters, rival gangs, weirdo parents and bloody pinatares. The social ills? Deadbeat mums and dads and a shocking display of child abuse and neglect, some of which is committed by the teenage girls themselves. The final scene, a nighttime shoot-out in on



# Teenage Exploitation



If you like bad old movies as much as I do, chances are you've done some exploring in the world of juvenile delinquent films. These films are most prevalent in the 1950's, when the American Teenager was a relatively new concept, and the image of the teenager was beginning to take on definition. The fifties was the first decade to celebrate the teen. No longer were young people aged 13-18 out working in the coal mines or at the local grocery to help out mom and dad. The Depression and years afterward saw children turn into adults, at least in terms of work. Higher education (meaning high school and college) were institutions for the lucky kid. Thanks to the postwar prosperity that America was experiencing after WWII and the segment of the populous known as "baby boomers," there was now a new buying market. These kids were staying in school, had disposable income and free time. They spent money on movies and the studios, as eager to take their money as they were to spend it, came up with movies specifically for teenagers. These movies had to take on a teenage audience and provide not only entertainment, but moral education. This was, after all, the 1950's. Here we have the birth of the JD film - their heroes (or antiheroes) were popular amongst teens, and their movies provided a moral platform where teens could see no immoral act go unpunished. These were films for both children and parents - the kids got to see some badass kids their age question and thwart authority, while mom and dad seemed to get the last word in. *Blackboard Jungle* was, arguably, the first of these films. The movie centers around the life of a young teacher who begins work at a tough high school, where disobedience and violence loom him in the face everyday. The kids in the film were naughty, jerky, and incredibly volatile. Best of all, the film is the first to boast a rock n' roll soundtrack, with "Rock Around the Clock" blasting through the title sequences. This film was so controversial and popular that it spawned a million knockoffs,



KH: People say that about all of our records.  
 LL: *Hips and Makers hit me right away. That's like, I don't want to sit here and kiss your ass.*  
 KH: No, that'd be good! That's OK! [laughs]  
 LL: *But that record, there was so much stuff on there that I had felt and experienced that I had never seen mirrored back to me before.*  
 KH: That made me almost not release it because I thought it was like publishing a diary.  
 LL: *Well, it is a diary.*  
 KH: It is, yeah. I agree. I'm not sensitive about that it's just an obnoxious thing to do, to just say "Here's my big head, buy it!" And yet, I listened to it and thought if that were true then the record would suffer, the music would suffer, and it didn't seem to. Billy, my husband, had been trying to get me to record an acoustic record for years and I thought it was a really bad idea. I didn't want to insult him, but I thought it was really stupid, that "rock band sound" is all these beautiful colors, and an acoustic record is just like a pencil sketch. Why bother? So I did these demos to prove that I couldn't hoping Billy would go "ohhhh... I see what you mean. DON'T make and acoustic record." And then both record labels wanted to release the demos, and I thought oh no - I didn't know this was a record when I was making these! So I made a record with Lenny Kaye and Michael Stipe that sounded

exactly like the demos. All we did was listen to the demos and try and recreate them, but at least I was doing it on purpose. In other words, I was thinking that maybe they felt sorry for me because of Belly or something, [Kristen's step sister's hand] like they didn't know why I do what I do and maybe they thought "Oh this poor girl! She's been trying have a hit for 10 years!" But I like where I am I don't want that! And I thought they thought "Well, let's just put out her solo record and cheer her up a little." And I knew - Throwing Muses didn't sell any records - and if you take one person out of there and they're going to sell like, a third of none. But it did better than any Muses record ever. I cannot bitch about that, and yet, I did it in a week, and not on purpose. And like 10 years of work - why can't you work those records??

**LL:** *Maybe you did it in a week, but there was a lot saved up for it. All of the emotion and storytelling that comes through is so dense.*

**KH:** Yeah, there is a lot there. It's just the sound that's the pencil sketch.

**LL:** *But your guitar playing on that record is so intricate - you can hear every single note.*

**KH:** Well, the Muses guitar parts are just like that but you can't hear them.

**LL:** *One of the bands that I've been in, we were Muses fans and we would try to learn the songs and just wound up at this point completely flustered like "WHAT the FUCK is she DOING?" You frustrated us so much!*

**KH:** It is frustrating. Women should learn men's songs 'cuz they're really easy! But I think the reason the songs are so different is because it was like a diary. It was pictures of goofy, daily life. The part of you with a name and a personality and a car. But that's pretty universal.

**LL:** *I saw that on University, too. Like that line from "Teller" - "I said to the teller/ If this is the future/ I don't wanna know." That was so perfect, it's so honest and still really poetic.*

**KH:** Like a bartender, a bank teller. They're always holding back. They'll never give you enough money or enough drinks.



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